

therefore, be no Christ in it. "It will admit neither a sudden conversion in this world nor a sudden paradise in the next." And so people will not need to be "converted" to this new revelation or to any other. It will have no heaven in it, at least not a "sudden" one. It will have "no supernatural element in it"; consequently there will be no Bible and no revelation, nor will there be any need for any. It "will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature." No faith, no good works, no "come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It "will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by promise of future compensation." The downtrodden and the oppressed, the heart-sore and grief-laden will just have to make the best of it, grin and bear it, and go to their graves assured that for them there will be no "sudden heaven." A most hopeful outlook for the human race, surely! The whole thing recalls the words of old Polonius and Hamlet:

"Pol. What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Slanders, sir."

### MY FIRST SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

Our good ship arrived in Liverpool on Saturday afternoon after a very fine voyage. Where to spend Sunday was an important question as I want to make the most of my Sundays in England and Scotland. I had planned to go direct to Glasgow and to spend Sunday there, but we landed too late for that. I could have stopped in Liverpool, and that is exactly what I would have done if Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) had still been alive. As it was I felt tempted to stop for the sake of attending the Sefton Park Church of which he was pastor for twenty-five years. At last I decided to go to Chester, which is a very ancient and a very quaint city, of some forty thousand people, about fifteen miles south of Liverpool. I have not yet regretted that decision. A steward of the First Methodist Church of Atlanta and his good wife went with me. We are all enthusiasts over Chester and can advise our friends to go there. I may mention some points of interest about Chester before I tell of how I spent my Sabbath there.

To begin with, the very name is interesting. Chester is derived from the Latin word *Castra* and means a camp, or more probably, the camp. It was the greatest of all the Roman camps in the days when the Romans occupied England. Many ancient Roman relics have been found in and around Chester. Just recently some very important discoveries have been made. The most interesting thing about Chester is the old wall that surrounds the old part of the city. This wall is fully two miles long and in some places it is thirty feet high. On the outside of the wall is a moat filled with water. The city must have been well nigh impregnable in the days of bows and arrows and spears. There were four gates in the walls. At nine o'clock every night the curfew rang and the gates were firmly closed. No one could come in and no one could get out. The curfew still rings in old Chester. We heard it every night while we were there. As we walked about the walls we came to several watch towers. One is called King Charles' tower. It has on it this inscription: "King Charles stood on this tower, September 24, 1645, and saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor." Of course that was Charles I who lost his head a few years later.

The parliamentary forces made a breach in the walls of Chester that day. Other members of the parliamentary forces were at that moment down in London busy making the Confession of Faith and Shorter Catechism.

"The Rows" are the quaintest thing about Chester. I scarcely know how to describe them. On four or five of the principal shopping streets there are sidewalks on the second story. Down below are the meat markets and cheaper shops. On the second story sidewalks are the handsome shops. I never saw the like before and never expect to see the like again.

Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful. I inquired at the office of my hotel for a Presbyterian Church. My question threw consternation into the camp. The porters and everybody who could probably give information were called, but I got no accurate information. The consensus of opinion was that there was a Presbyterian church in Chester, but that was all. I sallied forth to find it. I inquired of every policeman and newsboy I saw. Each one thought there was a "Presbyterian Chapel" a little further on, for let it be known that the Church of England is the only church in Chester or in England, and all others are only chapels. But my day is coming. I will be in Glasgow or Edinburgh one of these Sundays. Well, I hunted until I gave up in despair. When I got back to within two blocks of my hotel I stumbled upon a Presbyterian Church, which proved to be the Presbyterian Church of Chester. I am afraid that they do not advertise very much. I was too early for service and the gate was still locked. A little later I decided that I would attend a Methodist Chapel with my friends in the morning and attend the Presbyterian Church in the evening. Accordingly we went to "Johns Street Wesleyan Methodist Chapel." Maybe some of our readers think there is no other kind of a Methodist Church except a Wesleyan Methodist. If they will come to England they will learn better. Just across the street from the one we attended there was another Methodist Church with this sign: "The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church." I heard a minister in the Pan-Presbyterian Council say that in America we have not only all the actual kinds but all the possible kinds of Presbyterians. That statement is true of Methodists in England.

We were not in the little chapel long until we felt that there was an air of reverence there and that we were going to get some good old time religion. My Methodist friend said that he felt perfectly at home as soon as they took up the second collection. There was no doubt that we were in a Methodist Church. But that was not the only proof I had. The distinct Methodist flavor was there. I am not talking about any of your new fangled Methodism, I am talking about the old time Methodist flavor that characterized the camp meetings when some of us were boys. The regular pastor was on his vacation and a middle aged minister from a smaller town conducted the service. His text was from the Song of Songs, and his sermon was a good gospel sermon. Sometimes he rambled and then I rambled some, too. He